THE NATION

JUNE 3, 1961 . . 25c

Economic Forecast

THE MYTH OF GUARANTEED PROSPERITY

V. Lewis Bassie

Research for Weapons

SEDUCTION OF THE SCIENTIST

Theodore Roszak

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LETTERS

Hypocrisy Plus Futility

Dear Sirs: I have long had great respect for the reporting in *The Nation*, but your editorial, "Single Standard for Dictators," in your May 13 issue, seems to me to have missed the point. "The roster of our dictators is long," you say. Lamentable, no doubt; but you fail, in the editorial, to anticipate the State Department's rationale for supporting some dictators while opposing others, which is that we lend or withdraw support as one action or the other promises to help fight communism. This may be hypocrisy, as you say; but is hypocrisy a worse sin than supine surrender to communism? No, the real weakness in the State Department's policy is not that it is hypocritical; it is that it doesn't work. The threat of the Communists to the "free world" is not a military one; it is Communist ability to exploit social discontent and injustice. If these injustices were corrected, communism's threat to the world would virtually disappear.

America used to be the symbol everywhere of freedom, equality and justice for all men. Now the Soviet Union is replacing us as that symbol for many people. Why can't we demonstrate to the poverty-stricken two-thirds of the world that justice and freedom are possible?

STEPHEN KLAIN
Claremont, Calif. Pomona College

Dictators: Red and White

Dear Sirs: I read with a great deal of interest, as always, your editorials of the issue of May 13, one entitled "Single Standard for Dictators" and the second one entitled "The Great Illusion." I am and always have been opposed to dictators whether they be white or red.

Not only do the conservatives of this country seem to have a single standard with reference to dictators, but likewise do many of the liberals of this day. The latter seem to think that the red dictators are good but the white dictators are bad. They are both bad. Unfortunately, some nations seem unable to obtain or retain a democratic form of government. Once a dictatorship is established and weapons of all kinds are taken from the people, there isn't much they can do as long as the army remains loyal to the dictator. In 1923, when I returned from Russia, I said the government would last so long as the Army remained loyal. I was severely criticized for saying that and one paper in Montana even went so far as to say that I should be deported. Just where they wanted to deport me, I was never quite sure.

In your second editorial you refer to Norman Angell's book, in which he stated that the great illusion was war itself. And then you add: "Mankind has not yet learned that war is a most unsuitable instrument for settling disputes between nations." Those have always been my own sentiments, influenced perhaps by my Quaker ancestry. I was opposed to the First World War and the Second World War unless we were attacked, and I am opposed to a third war. In my humble judgment we would not be in the mess we are today if we had at least tried the philosophy suggested in your editorial. It would seem to me that there is less democracy and less freedom in the world today as a result of our actions, and I am somewhat disturbed by the thought that as time goes on dictatorships seem to be increasing. Even some of our own so-called liberals want to turn over to the executives more and more power — and that is the road to some form of totalitarianism.

Whether one always agrees with *The Nation* or not, it usually presents a challenging viewpoint seldom found in other publications. BURTON K. WHEELER
Washington, D.C.

Wrong Associations

Dear Sirs: In your editorial, "Are the People With It?," in your March 11 issue, you state that "grass-roots McCarthyism" has "important . . . sponsorship, principally by defense contractors and trade associations having close ties with the armed services." As a long-time trade association executive, I protest the aspersion on trade associations. . . .

SAMUEL B. SHAPIRO
Chicago, Ill.

Our error: instead of "trade associations," the text should have read "service associations"—i.e., the various associations of the Armed Services. Herewith our apologies to the trade associations of the United States. —EDITORS.

Creative Editing

Dear Sirs: My admiration of your symposium "On the Breaking of Forms" (April 22) has increased with each of my four careful perusals. Nothing that I have ever read in an American periodical has done more to put me in touch with my own time. All the pieces are brilliantly thought and written in their several ways, and I hesitate to say which I think the best of them. I do say, though, and confidently, that the most admirable thing about the series is the original conception, the choice of contributors, and the deft interlocking of their work. This is editing on a creative level. ODELL SHEPARD
Waterford, Conn.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Historic Image

The press has become preoccupied with "the American Image" to the point that it has become a minor mania. Editorial writers solemnly — even lugubriously — tell us that in Alabama "the United States has lost another battle in the global cold war" (*The New York Times*) or "Anti-Negro riots in Alabama cast a long and darkening shadow over American policy" (New York *Herald Tribune*). Mr. Lippmann, normally a confident and sanguine man, speaks of "the tragedy of Alabama" and even the Birmingham *News*, which last year publicly chastised Harrison Salisbury for having said in *The New York Times* that "fear and hatred" stalked the streets of Birmingham, now voices its own deep concern over Alabama's and America's image.

The Nation does not share this masochistic mood. We do not shudder, much less collapse, when informed that harsh things have been said about Alabama, U.S.A., by Radio Moscow, the *Giornale d'Italia* in Rome, *Nachtausgabe* in West Germany, the *Ethiopian Herald* of Addis Ababa, the *Ash Abah* of Tunisia, or, unkindest cut of all, by every daily in Lisbon. We do not, of course, like some things that have happened in Alabama — things for which we hold the state's Governor directly responsible. On the other hand, we do not feel that the "image" projected from Anniston, Birmingham and Montgomery is quite as hateful as our mentors make out. The question is, with what image are we concerned? on whose face does the camera focus? who is being interviewed? what is the totality of the impression conveyed? No American need feel apologetic about such men as the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., the Rev. Ralph Abernathy or the Rev. Fred Shuttlesworth. Has Addis Ababa or Lisbon, perhaps, come up with finer exemplars of democratic leadership? Who can fail to be impressed with the Negroes and whites who, besieged, spent the night in the old First Baptist Church in Montgomery, thereby writing a new and splendid chapter in the history of that historic city and proving, once again, that the church can be a mighty fortress of the Lord?

What is the matter with us? Do we want to buy glory and honor at bargain-basement prices? What American need feel apologetic about Diane Nash, the twenty-two-year-old Negro girl, a Freedom Rider, who said: "We will not stop. There is only one outcome." Or young James Zwerg, a white youngster from Appleton, Wisconsin, who said from his hospital bed: "We are prepared to die. These beatings cannot deter us from our purpose. We want only equality and justice and we will get it." Or young John Lewis, a Negro boy, wearing a six-inch-square bandage on his head, who said: "We will go forward." Who with eyes to read, or at least to stare at TV newscasts — and a salute here to CBS for a fine documentary on Birmingham — can fail to be proud of the image that *these* Americans have projected? Let the camera focus on *them*.

Every nation has its hoodlums, its bigots; we have our share and they are not all in Alabama. But the values which have made this country a symbol of freedom through the years were revitalized by the Freedom Riders in Alabama. A great deal has been said in the public prints in the last year about the need for national purposes, national goals, a sense of moral dedication. Yet when a large and growing group of young Americans, Negro and white, gives us a magnificent demonstration of purpose and dedication, we elect not to praise them but to wail about the mobs who beset them. Our image-makers should dry their crocodile tears. The Freedom Riders have given them something to cheer about — if only they had the wit to recognize the historic American image when it stares at them from the front pages of their daily papers.

Blackmail or Indemnity?

Castro has something of a talent for coming up with bizarre ideas and the prisoner-bulldozer exchange proposal is one of them, but there is little basis for the howls of "blackmail," "piratical ransom," "outrage," "Hitlerism," etc., which have resounded in the press. Some of the "freedom fighters" had suffered loss of property and status in Cuba, some of them were moved by idealistic political motives, but the fact remains that they assaulted Cuba with fire and sword, and the whole operation was engineered and bungled by the Government of the United States. A group of 132 judges, attorneys and professors of law of the highest standing, including a former assistant to President

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Eisenhower, has addressed a formal petition to the President of the United States and the Attorney General protesting the violations of international and domestic law involved. Under the circumstances, Castro's claim that he is seeking indemnification is not unreasonable.

Washington seems still to confuse the dream world with the real world. In the real world, the United States staged a military offensive against a country with which it was not and is not at war; in the dream world it merely looked with sympathy on the effort of patriotic Cubans to regain their homeland. Now that almost all of the patriots are prisoners of war (the number who made the supreme sacrifice seems to have been remarkably small), our government turns over to private citizens the job of rescuing them. The citizens, who are paying taxes supposedly to have the government do for them what they cannot do for themselves, are invited to shell out some $15 million more for Castro's bulldozers. They are invited to violate the Logan Act in broad daylight and the Attorney General assures them that, the end being virtuous, they are not violating it. The editorial writers who ask whether Dean Rusk or Walter Reuther is Secretary of State are not easily answered. When Jake the Barber, Cardinal Spellman and others contribute to the tractor fund it shows the goodness of their hearts, but the government they are bailing out still seems to operate in reliance on sleight-of-hand or let-not-thy-right-hand-know-what-thy-left-hand-doeth procedures.

The Three-Billion-a-Year Giveaway

The question of who should own the patent rights on research projects financed by the government involves what Senator Russell B. Long calls a three-billion-dollar-a-year patent giveaway. Senator Long has introduced a bill to give the government title to patents which, in effect, it has already bought. He is supported by Vice Admiral Hyman G. Rickover, who says: "Where the government bears all or nearly all of the cost, where the facilities belong to the government and where the government bears all the risks, the people should own the patents. The American people are spending their money for the research and development; therefore, the patents should belong to them."

But this is by no means the unanimous view in the government itself; as usual, Rickover is a maverick. The Atomic Energy Commission and the National Aeronautics and Space Agency do in fact follow the policy advocated by Senator Long and Admiral Rickover. The Defense Department does not. It retains a royalty-free license for government-financed production and gives the patent to the contractor. The Navy is particularly opposed to the Long bill. It would seem that the Defense Department loves its contractors more than it loves the taxpayer, who is currently paying for about two-thirds of all research and development.

Industry really hasn't a leg to stand on in this controversy, but it has created an artificial limb and it stands on that. According to *The Wall Street Journal* (May 14), the Electronics Industry Association has mailed a circular letter to every Senator and Representative opposing the Long bill and similar measures, arguing that research contracts are usually for hardware or engineering or scientific reports. Patents cannot be contracted for, the argument runs, since they cannot be anticipated. This is technological nonsense. Thirty years ago Owen D. Young, then head of the General Electric Company, pointed out that in the modern technology inventions are made to order. He was ordering them, and getting them. You may not get them at the rate of one a week, but over the years they will accumulate. The government is entitled to its own. Where industry wants the patents, let it pay the bills.

Paraguay and South Korea

All over the world, American foreign policy has died or is dying. South Korea and Laos are recent examples; Paraguay is quite likely to be next. An Asuncion dispatch in *The New York Times* of May 18 warns of a step-up in the suppression of civil liberties; and even before the *Times* dispatch appeared, Orlando Martínez' description of General Stroessner's "paradise" — see page 481 of this issue — was already in the office of *The Nation.* The Paraguayan dictator has long been supported by the United States; but, when the denouement comes, there is no reason to expect any more gratitude from him than we are now getting from the military junta now in control of South Korea.

The Kennedy Administration, warns Walter Lippmann, is confronted with the "breakdown of [the John Foster Dulles] policy, with the disorders, the dangers, and the pains of having to pick up the pieces. . . . The American people . . . have not been told that the military situation which existed when John Foster Dulles established this policy no longer exists. They have not been told that he made it work by shaking the bomb at the Communists. That is why so many of them suppose that Mr. Kennedy can make it work with a few Marines and by shaking his fist."

Nor can Lyndon Johnson make it work with a big smile and a pocketful of military aid.

Business Is Business

The ridiculous revocation of the license to export to the Soviet Union certain machine tools to manufacture automotive cylinder blocks and gears has been rescinded and the Soviets can get the tools from us after all. If not, they would have obtained them else-

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where. "Present information and the best obtainable judgment," writes Deputy Secretary of Defense Roswell L. Gilpatrick, "now support the conclusion that U.S. technology in this area is not significantly superior to that of European countries."

If our machine-tool manufacturers are not averse to turning over an honest dollar, even if it has been tainted by Communist hands, neither is the Japanese businessman reconciled to ignoring forever the possibilities of profit on his Western doorstep, i.e., the China mainland. Japanese Prime Minister Hayato Ikeda is visiting President Kennedy June 20 to 23, and he is not coming to talk about the cherry trees. Japan and Communist China now exchange mail and weather forecasts, but Peking has let Tokyo know that it would not be averse to trading in more tangible items. Warren Unna of *The Washington Post* says Peking is interested in Japanese steel, fertilizer, textiles and machinery, and the Japanese would like to explore the possibilities.

Meanwhile *The Wall Street Journal* reports that on the other side of the world, in Europe, the last cold-war reservations about trading with the Soviet Union are rapidly withering away. "Our trade with capitalist countries," boasts M. A. Tomashevsky, economic adviser to the Russian Trade Mission to Great Britain, "now is rising faster than is our trade with Socialist countries." Last year the Soviet Union's total foreign trade amounted to more than $11 billion. Great Britain's total trade with the Soviet Union jumped 35 per cent in 1960, from $265 million to $358 million. West Germany's exports to the Soviet Union doubled in 1960; Italy's soared 78 per cent. And the rise is continuing. At the same time COCOM, the international committee charged with preventing the flow of strategic materials and machinery across the iron curtain, is increasingly regarded in Europe as a "paper tiger." The regulations remain, but they are being interpreted out of existence. The British are especially busy eviscerating the impressive organism. Says P. A. Timberlake, secretary of the British Council for the Promotion of International Trade: "Look at the rates of development in Communist countries — 10 per cent to 12 per cent a year. When you have a growth rate like that, you can anticipate a comparable increase in foreign trade."

The United States would be well advised to look also. We may be getting out of this recession, but soon there will be another, and there is not much point in letting our dear allies get all the business.

Myth of Guaranteed Prosperity . . *by V. Lewis Bassie*

IN RECENT years we have been building a mythology of all-powerful fiscal policy. We seem to think we know where the gods of economic action reside and how they will behave under any circumstances that may arise.

This attitude is partly an outgrowth of the cult of never-ending prosperity. We have seen three minor recessions fade, with the economy surging ahead to new highs after each. We are now seeing a fourth at its end. It may be true that the prosperity of the last half decade has been marred by inadequate growth and a rising level of unemployment. In this sense the gods have perhaps done us less than full justice. But we nevertheless feel we can rely on them to prevent anything more serious.

This is not only the view of optimists. Here is a quote from a business economist who is generally regarded as a pessimist: "It is clear that the Administration is aware of these unfavorable conditions and that it may be expected to act should the measures undertaken and contemplated prove inadequate." In short, there has emerged an amazing consensus about policy for maintaining high employment and economic stability.

Of course, executives in business and government have adopted a policy of talking more hopefully than they feel. But it is not possible to explain away in these terms the widespread public faith in the ability and the determination of the federal government to deal with economic adversity.

After the recession of 1958, the faithful made great gains in lining up public adherence to their point of view. There remained a substantial group of skeptics even at the highs of 1959 and 1960, but theirs were the proverbial voices in the wilderness. They were, in fact, berated by a prominent editor — who himself had little regard for objective analysis — for being "unwilling to face the fact that deliberate government action sparked and sustained the recovery" from 1958.

Oddly enough, this statement was made at a time when we still had an administration whose first love was the balanced budget, and whose actions in 1958 were variously described as unintentional and ineffectual; it wanted always to turn back to restriction as soon as recovery was assured.

By the end of 1959, several studies of the 1958 situation had been made. These were concerned both with the automatic stabilizers and with other fiscal measures adopted. The studies

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agreed in general on the following conclusions:

First, the automatic stabilizers clearly helped stem the decline and promote recovery in 1958. Their action, including the special effects of extended unemployment compensation enacted in that year, compensated for perhaps one-fourth of the decline in gross national product. Tax reductions were not important. Personal income and expenditures remained high, so that there was little reduction in related taxes. The corporate income-tax revenue fell off sharply, but since the decline derived largely from cutbacks in business investment in inventories and fixed capital, the main effect of this tax saving was to enable corporations to sustain an essentially stable rate of dividend payments. Although taxes could play a greater role on other occasions, other factors might be less effective, and the only guarantee the automatic stabilizers provide is something like the same fractional offset to any force that is driving the economy in a downward direction.

There was nothing to indicate that these built-in stabilizers are anything more than cushions. They help to absorb the deflationary impact and thus to halt the decline, but they do not provide any positive force for pushing the economy back up, except perhaps indirectly through the support that sustained income gives to other variables. Recovery in 1958, as on earlier occasions, depended on other factors.

Second, the other fiscal measures then adopted helped turn the economy up, but they were partly inadvertent. It just happened that the sputniks were put into orbit in the early stages of the decline, resulting in an expansion of defense expenditures; it just happened that the weather was unusually favorable for farm production, requiring greatly increased outlays for price supports. It was just a carry-over of earlier legislation that OASI Social Security programs were in a steep uptrend; no doubt the recession accelerated retirements somewhat, but the volume of pensions would have been rising sharply in any case. State and local spending also happened to be in a sharp uptrend. Federal salary increases were granted, and perhaps there was some economic intent in the timing and amounts of the increases; but rising living costs had created pressure for the increases without regard to the recession.

Finally, the most effective force for recovery came from residential construction. Both administrative and legislative actions were taken. But in some measure they were inconsistent; for instance, mortgages were both bought and sold. At the time, hardly anyone thought they would represent a very important stimulus to building; yet, housing starts expanded by about one-third from the spring of 1958 to early 1959. This played a leading role in general recovery. With industrial production surging to a new high in the spring of 1959, even lagging business capital expenditures for new plant and equipment joined in the advance.

Later, at the highs of 1959 and 1960, it became clear that the recovery depended too much on inventory accumulation. Since a high rate of accumulation is a transitory factor in the economy, it followed that recovery would be incomplete. Employment was not rising fast enough to absorb all the new workers entering the labor force. So the skeptics were not stilled. Some were even to be found in high government positions. Those who took a backward look at lagging employment could hardly overlook the fact that the federal government itself had been one of the most seriously lagging segments of the total. Federal employment has been relatively stable since 1953.

WHAT solidified attitudes on the government's role as underwriter of prosperity was the Democratic victory and the new Administration it brought into power. President Kennedy acted fast, up to the limits of his authority, and he called for action beyond those limits. He recruited a group of able men to push forward his New Frontier. His appointees have been described by friendly observers as "go-getters," by others less friendly as "power-grabbers." The implication of action is implicit in both terms. These new executives vied with each other in doing things; there was a thrusting out in all directions, and the impression of fast change infused practically all reports from Washington.

The first quarter of 1961 was a period in which it was hard for anyone taking an interest in national affairs not to believe that all this meant something. The public did believe, and its response to the new, energetic leadership was warm. Business believed too, and the change in its policy was well designed to limit the recession. Paul Samuelson of M.I.T. described what happened in these terms: "There is a sort of Kennedy euphoria in the air. . . . It is as if Kennedy has bewitched the country."

THE CHANGE in sentiment was reflected most clearly in the stock market. Profits were still falling and there was little immediate prospect of recovery. Yet the market drove ahead to new highs. At the roots of this upsurge of optimism were hopes and fears about inflation. One firm principle of the cult of permanent prosperity is that inflation, or at least creeping inflation, is inevitable, and that stocks are the best hedge against it. A few market bears objected, because inflation was supposed to help stock prices by generating high profits, and profits were not moving up. Most speculators felt, however, that the new Administration was sure to generate inflation by high spending and huge deficits. Again, there was hardly any inflation in sight. Wholesale prices have been stable for three years, and the continued increases in consumer prices were largely confined to the services, an area that could not contribute significantly to industrial profits. For this reason it may be doubted that the inflation thesis could have sustained the market.

Nevertheless, in the opening months of 1961 the primary theme of the market shifted somewhat without changing its conclusion. The rising market was itself a "leading indicator" showing that the recession was "bottoming out." Therefore, the investor and speculator could depend on recovery to insure rising profits later in the year. Busi-

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ness executives in almost every industry were assuring the public that this was the case. The growth in earnings that would justify higher prices could, therefore, be hoped for if not immediately seen. So the market took heart at the expense of becoming more speculative. Days like Tuesday, April 4, when seven million shares changed hands in a churning market that left prices generally unchanged are reminiscent of the hectic markets of 1929.

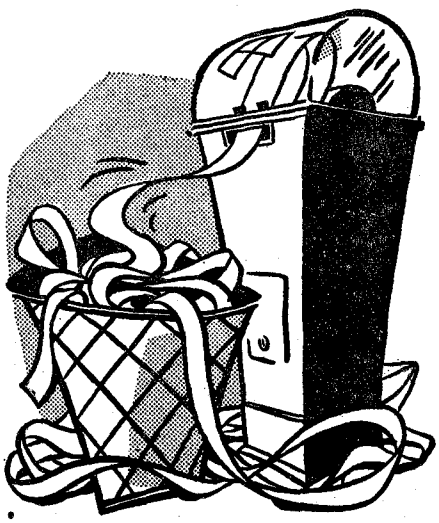
Many economists have recently been trying to show why creeping inflation is an inevitable consequence of economic growth in this country. What they have not been able to show is that there will be adequate sources of growth. The private economy has been growing weary, and the projected gains in government spending are small. Military spending could still be regarded as a potential source of an important advance—since a strong upswing in military expenditures might push the economy ahead faster and further than now seems likely—but that would hardly represent the stable situation usually thought of as normal growth.

THE Administration has promised a lot; now it will have to do its best to deliver. Few seem to realize what a difficult task it faces; any interim improvement will merely tend to conceal for a while the recurring nature of the problem.

Political observers describe the legislative tactics of the Administration as pushing hard toward, but stopping short of, any all-out fight that might result in open defeat. Some justify this as the way to get the most that can be had under the circumstances. Actually, the Administration has shown little inclination to experiment with extreme solutions. It is not made up of wild-eyed, long-haired inflationists, but of men with established reputations. Perhaps they may in some sense represent a more advanced intellectual point of view than their predecessors, but basically they remain conservative on domestic matters.

In describing actual progress, it seems appropriate to quote Paul Samuelson again. No one can doubt his support for the Administration, and in recent years his view of the outlook has been generally optimistic. Yet he makes these comments on the Administration's proposals:

> You might say we are in the midst of a "placebo program for recovery." . . . The degree of moderation involved



> in programs so far proposed has perhaps not yet been fully realized. The new Administration has thus far had the best of both worlds: Wall Street thinks that it is doing a lot, and yet it is evident to even the most nervy continental banker that we are not embarking on a wildly expansionary orgy.

The fact is that JFK has not added very much to what Ike proposed. Take this at its best—in terms of the cash budget, i.e., in terms of receipts from and payments to the public. Apparently the President's changes as proposed through April have raised the total of payments by about $1.6 billion in fiscal 1961 and $4.5 billion in fiscal 1962. At first glance this seems like a lot, but some of this is just revision of the earlier estimates and some represents proposals that cannot be expected to go through. So the real net increase will perhaps be only half as large.

The new Budget Director, David Bell, spelled out the proposed changes before the Joint Economic Committee on March 27. Some regarded the revisions by which the budget was shifted from a surplus to a deficit position as merely a kind of political maneuver. There is little to warrant this view. Even with the same President continuing in office, substantial budget revisions have often been necessary after a few months. This is particularly true in periods showing a definite shift in the over-all economic picture.

HOWEVER one may be inclined to judge this question, the changes do make for more impressive totals than those specified in the original budget presentation made by Eisenhower last January. This fact is brought out in the summary of the cash budget as shown in Table I below.

The new figures indicate that there will be an increase of almost $7 billion in payments to the public in a single fiscal year. Even when this is discounted for items that won't go through, and for financial items such as loans, mortgage purchases or sales, and other financial transactions whose effects are counted elsewhere and need not be considered a direct government contribution, the increase is about $6 billion. There would apparently be an increase of about $3 billion in purchases of goods and services and another $3 billion increase in transfer payments, either direct or indirect through grants. Against this $6 billion increase in payments must be counted the $4 billion increase in tax receipts. The total net stimulus is therefore not really so great as the cash payments figures by themselves would suggest. But no one could deny that the budget changes as a whole will be a stimulus to the economy.

What may be more important than

Table I: Summary of Cash Budget

		Fiscal years (in billions)		
		1960 Actual	*1961*	*1962*
Receipts:	Ike	$95.1	$99.0	$103.1
	Changes		-.5	-.8
	JFK		*98.5*	102.3
Payments:	Ike	94.3	97.9	101.8
	Changes		1.6	4.5
	JFK		99.5	106.3

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the size of the over-all changes is the fact that the stimulus they provide is excessively short-term in character. The entire policy appears to be based on the assumption that the recession will not last long and that the economy can take care of itself after recovery gets under way. We seem to be acting again on the thesis that the economy is like a rusty old pump which can be started with small flow. In other words, all the pump-priming fallacies of the 1930s have been re-created in this program. Any program based on such assumptions is doomed to failure.

SEVERAL illustrations will indicate the nature of the difficulty:

1. March personal income was up $3.4 billion in terms of seasonally adjusted annual rates. Of this, $1.8 billion, or more than half, represented prepayment of dividends on veterans' insurance policies. (These totaled $150 million, and because they were paid all in one month instead of over the year, produced the net gain of $1.8 billion in the annual rate for that month.) However, this gain will be almost immediately compensated by a larger loss, say, of $2 billion, because the smaller, regular payments will not be made in later months. A stimulus that is here one month and gone the next obviously cannot contribute to sustained economic progress.

2. Extended unemployment compensation payments are provided in new legislation. The payments are to be made to the long-term unemployed who have exhausted their benefits under the regular unemployment compensation program. They extend compensation to each worker for some thirteen weeks, i.e., they extend the normal compensation period by about 50 per cent. The funds provided for this purpose total $1 billion, to be expended over a five-quarter period ending June 30, 1962.

Since there is an accumulation of unemployed workers entitled to these benefits, it may be expected that payments will build up quickly, probably to a peak-month annual rate of over $1.5 billion. Thereafter, payments will begin to decline as workers are either re-employed or continue unemployed for another quarter-year and lose their rights to these additional benefits also. By the end of the year it is likely that payments will be running below half the five-quarter average, or something less than $400 million. Financing for the program is provided by a four-tenths of 1 per cent increase in the payroll tax for two years, beginning January 1, 1962. The revenue is estimated at an annual rate of $500 million and, as soon as it becomes effective, will probably exceed the continuing rate of benefit payments. In other words, the net effect of the program will be negative after the beginning of 1962.

If transfer payments as a whole are considered, the additions specified provide mainly a change in pattern. Ike's program would have raised total transfer payments in any case by perhaps $2.5 billion in terms of annual rates. JFK's program gets a larger increase faster, but then levels off, and after the beginning of 1962, as the additional tax increases are taken into consideration, JFK's program may actually be contributing little, if any, more than Ike's.

3. A similar leveling-off may be expected in goods and services, as exemplified by defense expenditures. These are expected to show an increase of $1.5 billion from fiscal 1961 to fiscal 1962, which represents about half the increase in all purchases of goods and services. The over-all budget figures are as follows:

TABLE II

Major National Security Expenditures

	Fiscal years (in billions)		
	1960 (actual)	*'61*	*'62*
Ike	45.6	45.9	47.4
Changes		.8	.8
JFK		46.7	48.2

Source: Bureau of the Budget

However, President Kennedy began a speed-up of defense expenditures immediately upon taking office, and the additional $800 million which he proposes to spend in fiscal 1961 could only be spent in the second half of the year. Hence, if these budget figures are translated into seasonably adjusted quarterly estimates by making reasonable interpolations of the figures provided, the following results are obtained:

TABLE III

Major National Security Expenditures

Quarterly annual rates for cal. '61
(billions)

	1st Q.	*2nd Q.*	*3rd Q.*	*4th Q.*
Ike	45.8	46.2	46.7	47.2
Changes	1.2	2.0	1.5	1.0
JFK	47.0	48.2	48.2	48.2

Since not much of the additional $800 million for fiscal 1961 could be spent in the first quarter of calendar year 1961, it has to be assumed that the bulk of it, say $500 million, will be spent in the second quarter. This would represent an annual rate of $2 billion and push the new total for the period up to a point where the entire increase projected for the fiscal year 1962 would already be realized in fiscal 1961. Thereafter the additions will be smaller, probably tapering off, so that the two programs would tend to come back together by the end of fiscal 1962.

These specific quarterly estimates are not presented as a forecast of what will happen. That really depends on what happens abroad, and in any case the defense program is a very large program which does not shift about quickly. Nevertheless, it is clear that if the figures presented make sense, the program will quickly reach a peak and there might follow, at least temporarily, a decline in the program as a whole. If it does not turn downward, at least it should remain stable for about a year after the initial peak is reached.

THE patterns shown in these three illustrations do not apply to all items. There will be continuing increases in purchases of some goods and services, but they will be relatively small and provide little contribution to the future growth of the economy. There will also be some continuing increases in transfer payments (it may be noted that the OASI Social Security program is again in an upward trend). However, the increase in transfer payments is not likely to be very important, since scheduled increases in the payroll tax for financing it offset substantially all the effects of increasing expenditures.

These illustrations should be sufficient to indicate that JFK's changes are not entirely helpful from a longer-

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run point of view. Either the economy does not need help, in which case action may not have been necessary at all, or it will need the help later, too, in which case the action now taken may have a pernicious effect. Additional proposals may be made, of course, but unless they have important effects later, the petering out of the temporary stimuli may re-create the problem in more acute form in 1962.

There are some high officials in the Administration who foresee this difficulty. The Council of Economic Advisers, for example, gives every indication that it realizes how much our longer-term economic welfare is left to depend on monetary rather than on fiscal action. Therefore, it wants long-term interest rates lowered, and this sets up an internal conflict with the Federal Reserve Board, which fears the danger of future price increases if the money supply is expanded too sharply. The Administration's hands are tied by the acceptance of orthodox views on international finance and gold flows. It agrees that short-term rates should be kept high to prevent transfers of liquid balances out of the country. So the action on interest rates is largely inconsistent and, up to this point at least, has had little success in getting long-term rates down.

THE PROBLEM of finding a long-term stimulus is therefore not resolved by anything done up to the present time. Furthermore, the fact that further action depends on Congress would indicate that it will not be resolved in the near future.

It has been pointed out above that optimistic theories of progress and inflation have been widely accepted. The public is convinced; business is convinced; and unfortunately for prospects of getting anything further done, Congress is also convinced. Congress has in fact acquired a bad case of hardening of the attitudes. It is not at all inclined to relax on budget balancing or inflation. Many hold that the latter is still our greatest evil.

These attitudes will be reinforced in the months ahead by improved conditions. Except for items already agreed on, therefore, not much in the way of new programs is likely to go through this year; recent news stories indicate as much. Said *The Wall Street Journal* of April 12: "Congress says Kennedy is rising in popularity, but his program isn't. Lawmakers expect to delay medical care, cut foreign aid and social security plans."

In a period of improving business, Congress cannot be expected to see the longer-term problem. What this means is that the economy will be thrown back on its own. Only if there will be sources of growth in private business will a significant dent be made in the high rate of unemployment now prevailing. However, no one can find assurance of such sources in the important segments of the private economy.

IN RECENT weeks a consensus has developed on the business outlook. According to this view, the recovery in gross national product through the remainder of 1961 will amount to about $25 billion in current dollars and a little less in constant dollars. Most forecasters also feel that recovery will be slow at first and accelerate as the year progresses, carrying on upward into 1962. With respect to the magnitude of the rise, which is only about 4 or 5 per cent on the first-quarter base of $500 billion, there can be little quarrel. The pattern, however, is more questionable, and there is hardly any basis for predicting a continuation of the rise beyond the end of the year.

Consider the inventory picture. Business policy has been modified by the general mood of optimism. Among forecasters, a common view is that the adjustment of the inventory recession has been made, permitting a new swing to recovery. Actually, however, there was very little liquidation of inventories—only about $2 billion in all. It seems more logical to say, therefore, that the inventory adjustment was interrupted rather than completed and that, barring unforeseen international tension, inventories probably cannot add much more stimulus than the cessation of liquidation.

Where there has been no high rate of liquidation there is no reason to expect a strong rebound. Gaining the former requires giving up the latter. Nevertheless, as a result of the change in sentiment, inventories seem to have swung away from liquidation in April, and the second quarter may go all the way over to accumulation. There are good indications that this will occur in the case of steel, for example. Furthermore, the first-quarter liquidation was largely concentrated in automobiles and must be ascribed in part to seasonal effects. Car production has moved up in April and, as the seasonal factor also reverses in that month, adjusted inventories will probably rise in the second quarter unless sales expand sharply in May and June. The sharp increase in car production took place partly because it is most efficient to shut down highly automated plants completely, as in February and March, and then operate at a high level after coming back into production, and partly because negotiations with the auto workers are coming up again this year, and the industry never likes to be short on inventory going into new contract negotiations. As a result of the abandonment of liquidation, inventories on hand at the end of the year will be adequate almost everywhere, eliminating any need to push the cycle up to its usual peak.

SIMILAR reactions to government speed-up policy have affected other segments. Thus, state and local programs dependent on federal funds—for example, highway construction—have been speeded up in recent months. As a result, future growth has been anticipated.

Residential construction has also had this kind of spur. President Kennedy instructed the Housing and Home Finance Agency to hasten approved projects "in which a speed-up can be effected without waste." In addition, the policy of selling government-held mortgages was reversed in the hope that private funds seeking investment in mortgages would be forced to flow into new building instead of becoming immobilized in mortgages already outstanding.

In the last three months there has been an encouraging upturn in housing starts. But these short-term swings in building do not change rates of family or household forma-

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tion; they affect more the relation between the housing stock and the number of families wanting houses, by increasing the former. Vacancies have been rising for some time. So it is difficult to tell how much of the current increase may be merely borrowing from the future. It certainly should not be interpreted as offering a prospect of complete recovery to earlier highs.

For the economy as a whole, a strong-looking advance may well occur in the next few months. But since it is so much dependent upon a policy of temporary stimulus and on the transitory swing in investment resulting from public acceptance of that policy, all the improvement in the next few months will be suspect. Accepting a 4 or 5 per cent advance in real gross national product by the fourth quarter as a reasonable forecast, it looks as if about 60 per cent may be realized before the middle of the year and 90 per cent by the end of the third quarter. After that the advance will tend to peter out. No increase is visible after the end of 1961.

We have just completed one of the shortest and mildest recessions on record. There is at least some reason to believe that we may be able to characterize the recovery now getting under way in the same terms.

Connecticut's One-Man Posse . . *by Herbert Krosney*

EDWARD J. McCALLUM, Jr., is a simple man with more than a touch of the crusader's zeal. He expends his zeal in the ferreting out of Communists, real and imagined, for which purpose he has organized and now heads the Citizens Anti-Communist Committee of Connecticut. Very probably, Mr. McCallum will never achieve the prominence of his hero, the golden-throated Senator Thomas J. Dodd of his own state, nor even that of Robert Welch, who brilliantly achieved national status for his John Birch Society by trying to keep the society a secret. Nevertheless, because Mr. McCallum is, or claims to be, of the "grass roots," and because his like, and that of his organization, are to be found in many corners of today's America, he is worth some attention.

Mr. McCallum is a very recent convert to active rightism, apparently. Last year, accompanied by some of his family, he visited the Soviet Union briefly. At once impressed and frightened by what he saw, he came home like a Paul Revere to rouse his fellow citizens. Thus the birth of his Anti-Communist Committee.

Mr. McCallum is a home-loving man, popular with his neighbors. He often lets their children ride on his three horses; sometimes he takes them for excursions on his boat. A yellow and black buggy, remnant of a much older era, sits in front of his lawn to the left of his unpretentious white house. He has what amounts to a family business, the Eveready Supply Company of Bridgeport, Connecticut, where he is assisted by his brother and his married daughter, a cute brunette with a warm, open smile.

Anti-communism has evidently given McCallum's life a meaning. He jokes proudly about the hours he works both in the business and at the movement. He is no longer mired in the meaningless and often morally confusing subtleties of the American business world. Anti-communism has crystallized his world into rather sharp black and white delineations.

IT wasn't always this way, though. Perhaps because, as many other businessmen have done, he rather exaggerated the privileges due him by a free-enterprise society, he failed to report his full income in 1943. In a 1948 trial, he was accused by the U.S. Government of having earned $27,813.34 instead of the $13,840.01 he reported, and of having paid a tax of $3,572.30 instead of the proper $11,038.01. He pleaded *nolo contendere* to these charges (shifting from an original not guilty plea), and was sentenced to six months in the Federal Correctional Institution at Danbury, Conn.

He was defended by the man who has since become his idol, Thomas J. Dodd of Lebanon, Conn., now a U.S. Senator, and Judge D. Harold Cotter of Bridgeport. Senator Dodd has written a letter praising Mr. McCallum's anti-Communist activities and, in the letter, refers to Mr. McCallum by first name. The Bridgeport businessman obviously values the letter highly; when attacked, he will whip it out of his pocket and read it aloud, apparently in the expectation that his opponent will thereupon fall dead in consternation.

His Anti-Communist Committee already numbers 1,500, he says. It is not a political organization, simply anti-Communist, he insists; its mission is to awaken American citizens to the encroaching Communist danger. The group's activities consist mainly in distributing "anti-Communist" literature, supporting Senator Dodd's bill for a "Freedom Academy" (conceived as a kind of West Point designed for the training of anti-Communist fighters), showing the films *Operation Abolition* and *Communism on the Map*, and protesting other evidences of Communist infiltration.

These other evidences include the existence in Connecticut of the Wesleyan-Middletown Association for Disarmament; the University of Bridgeport student paper, *The Scribe*, when it came out against the House Un-American Activities Committee, the World Affairs Center of Westport, and the appearance of Frank Wilkinson and Carl Braden at Yale University. The Yale *Daily News* reporter described Mr. McCallum's encounter (the night of the Wilkinson-Braden forum) with Yale law professor Fred Rodell:

HERBERT KROSNEY, a young New York writer, is at work on his first novel.

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Shortly before the forum began, McCallum pointed to Fred Rodell, Professor of Law, as he mounted the steps and shouted, "You wrote for the *Daily Worker* in 1938." Rodell denied the accusation, and the chief picketer finally admitted he had only been mentioned in that publication. McCallum also called Rodell a Communist, and the latter replied, "You put it into writing and I'll take a trip to Europe on the slander."

It seems that Mr. McCallum in many instances doesn't put his pen where his mouth is.

THE STAMFORD, Conn., Young Democrats, not knowing what Mr. McCallum stood for, but wanting to show *Operation Abolition,* invited him to a meeting attended by this reporter. After the showing, a somewhat stormy session developed with order preserved only by the firm hand of club president Bob Meyers. A fiery liberal, Mrs. Gerda Bikales, wanted to know who was responsible for inviting "this man" McCallum. The object of Mrs. Bikales' scorn seemed somewhat abashed; it appeared that he did not really understand the disturbance which his presence aroused — and seems to arouse in most places he goes. This time he answered his critics by accusing them of being "pinkos," and ended up by producing, and reading, his "secret weapon" — Senator Dodd's letter.

Then, finding that a reporter for a national liberal magazine was present, he launched an attack on the "soft-on communism" press which, for him, includes *The New York Times, The Washington Post,* the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* and others. He resented particularly a *Times* article he felt falsely identified him with the late Senator McCarthy, whose tactics, he said, were at times questionable.

"Since 1945," Mr. McCallum tells anyone who will listen, "communism has gained 700 million persons with hardly a gun fired. The gain has been at the rate of 50,000 persons a day. . . . The Communists spend three to five billion a year for propaganda, about $2 a person. We spend one to two cents a person. We should realize we're at war. If they keep up this pace in the next twenty years they'll have the world."

Mr. McCallum is genuinely worried. Before he went to Russia, he says, he was asleep. Now he's awake. He jokes that he voted Socialist in the old days in home-town Bridgeport: "A man can, should, be a liberal until he's around twenty-five. But if he's still a liberal after that, he should be shot."

There are six hundred to one thousand Reds in Connecticut, according to McCallum; two hundred are in Bridgeport, two hundred in New Haven. "I have information there are Communist goings-on at Yale."

Mr. McCallum defines Russian slavery: "I saw slavery in Russia. People worked six days a week. There was no television. A whole family lived in a room and a half. . . ." Then later: "People lived in complete sadness. . . . Lenin is God. . . . 95 per cent of the Russians are slaves. They're the first victims of communism. . . . No people under forty-five believe in God."

The Red menace is everywhere, he warns: "There were 500,000 Communists in America. Most have not repudiated their connections, though they are inactive."

To Mr. McCallum it is quite important we tell the world the salient features of American capitalism: "We must make sure that people know that American bosses average only about 6 per cent profit. People think bosses take home 50 per cent in profits and throw a wrong slant on things." Mr. McCallum believes that right-to-work laws are an essential of freedom, that a vaguely defined laissez-faire competitive capitalism which would permit monopoly is the sole moral economic system.

Economically, Mr. McCallum and his colleagues are the romantics of our age. He is not religiously or racially prejudiced. He wants to be in the American mainstream, and cannot understand the fact that he isn't. Perhaps he doesn't realize that the mainstream of America still believes in America and its institutions, including the Bill of Rights.

SEDUCTION of the SCIENTIST . . *by Theodore Roszak*

JACQUES BARZUN, writing in *Harper's* (October, 1960), deplored the appearance of a "cult of research and creativity" in the academic world. He contended that as mediocre minds aspire, and indeed are more and more driven by professional pressures to "be creative" and to "do research," the level of intellectual life in our society declines and the importance of teaching in our universities is ignored.

THEODORE ROSZAK teaches history at Stanford University.

I believe the problem—lamentable enough if it were confined to higher education alone—is actually more serious and widespread than Mr. Barzun suggests. For it is quite clear that the liturgy and ritual of this cult have now become part of the public relations propaganda of our country's weapons industry. Once among the most disreputable of businesses, the weapons industry has, since the end of World War II, acquired a new and exciting identity, one which has managed to court the favor of the intellectual community as well as the admiration of the general public. Madison Avenue has been blamed for many evils—and usually deservedly. But the social injury of its practiced deception may actually be far greater than many imagine. For by exploiting the public's unquestioning and largely uninformed reverence for science, the professional persuaders have, I believe, contributed in no small measure to our society's willingness to participate in the deadliest, most astronomically wasteful arms race in history.

A typical advertisement—carried,

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let us say, in *Missiles and Rockets* or in a college campus daily— presents the new and ingratiating image of modern weapons research.

Ordinarily an elegant and streamlined piece of commercial art, the ad presents in abstract fashion an illusion of surging and dynamic motion: something suggesting an ascending rocket or a bursting comet. Or it may show, in a more representational vein, a steely-eyed, square-jawed scientist—young but graying at the temples, tie askew and shirt sleeves rolled—pondering with pencil poised a mathematical equation of monumental complexity. Above the picture there is the bold caption: "Breaking the Thought Barrier," or perhaps "Charting the Frontiers of the Unknown." The over-all impression created by picture and copy is that of dramatic intellectual achievement. Weapons making, the advertisement would have its reader believe, has become scientific pioneering par excellence. It has become, in the words of one corporation, "the exploration of new, uncharted areas of human knowledge." The public relations literature of the industry fairly bristles with the vocabulary of innovation: "breakthrough," "searching imagination," "adventure," "unfolding drama," "discovery," "in the vanguard," and above all the glamorous trio: "dynamic," "challenging," "creative."

AN ADVERTISEMENT for Boeing makes the typical claim: "pure research along the very frontiers of knowledge is our sole concern. . . . Scientists interested in imaginative, creative research are invited to communicate with us"—this beneath a flashing futuristic abstraction entitled "Cygnus," which bears the epigrammatic caption, "Knowledge of the universe is not a matter of man's sight, but of his imagination's vision."

How paradoxical it seems that the munitions manufacturer, who stood condemned a quarter-century ago for profiting by the machine gun and hand grenade has, in an age of nuclear weaponry, managed to maximize both his profits and his respectability. But the paradox is easily explained. A bullet will always be a bullet, but a ballistic missile can pass for a space ship. And neither a Messerschmitt nor a Colt could lend to dive bomber or rifle the mystique that atomic weapons have acquired through their Einsteinian associations.

There is, of course, a special audience for this pitch: the scientists and technicians whose brains are indispensable to the industry. High-salaried though many of them are for their services, there exists an undercurrent of discontent and guilt among the weapons designers. Around the shop, one is apt to hear the boys passing remarks about "dirty physics"—and on the rest-room walls of weapons plants and radiation laboratories one may find a cynical little sign: "Be a warmonger: the job you save may be your own."

CLEARLY this poses a serious problem to the industry: how to convince the conscientious scientist that in perfecting diabolical weapons of war in return for a handsome paycheck he is not committing an act of intellectual prostitution.

Several years ago, when Norbert Wiener thumbed his nose at the munitions makers and refused to place his skills at their disposal, he made some caustic and all too public remarks about work in the "science factories." Since then the industry has tried to persuade young scientists that the plant is not really a plant at all—but a kind of extension of the university campus. Personnel brochures promise prospective employees the fullest "professional freedom" and all necessary "stimuli to creativity." Physicists and technicians alike will be "able to maintain their integrity and their own research approach" in an "atmosphere of achievement." The claim—as one corporation puts it—of "maintaining the atmosphere of the academic world" has become a constant theme in the industry's personnel recruitment. Thus, the missile and space department of General Electric entitles its advertisement *"Pro Vita Academica,"* and underscores the "highly academic environment" and "free intellectual climate" that prevail in its offices. Its various military contracts, the ad goes on, provide "continual stimulus to the research mind," while its procedures guarantee "the free exchange of ideas" and "unscheduled meetings" of scientists who are free of the "over-direction and red-tape of some industrial operations." At G.E. "the analytic thinker's need for solitude is recognized."

Another corporation, striving to capture that academic flavor, calls employment in its ranks an "appointment" and promises every opportunity for "professional growth." Another speaks glowingly of its "campus-like setting" and "university atmosphere." In an advertisement for the Martin Company, prime contractor for the Titan missile, a "research physicist," pictured lounging at his desk with pipe in hand, tells why he chose his employer:

> Freedom. Freedom to do the work I like. . . . I was given a lab and facilities to work with, and, above all, a lot of freedom to carry out my work. . . . I also like the chance to talk with other scientists who understand my field and to work with some of the younger fellows who are coming along.

Text and picture might well have been lifted directly from a graduate school brochure.

THE PITCH here is clear enough: work for the weapons industry is just school all over again—the same academic freedom, the same intellectual respectability, the same disinterested search for knowledge. A thick intellectualoid veneer has come to cover the industry's public relations. One is apt to find in their advertisements learned quotations from Darwin or Berkeley or Shelley. The RAND Corporation, for example, quotes Haeckel "on the duty of thinkers," reminding us, appropriately, of the "uneasy sense of dismemberment and falseness" which surrounds our lives, and incongruously enough considering the institution from which the message comes, that it is "the sacred duty of every honorable and humanitarian thinker to devote himself conscientiously to the settlement" of our moral and social conflicts.

But above all, it is the grand ro-

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mance of scientific progress that adorns the new image of the weapons industry. Often historical in character, its brochures describe and illustrate with scholarly precision earlier, more primitive forms of rocketry or submarines. Then the surge of progress carries us forward. "Advance follows advance in whirlwind fashion" until now, on the "forefronts of research," lo! the atomic submarine armed with Polaris missile.

"The creative capacity of man is equal to the challenge of space" one missile manufacturer pontificates. "This is the supreme equation of our time." And not unaware of the grave responsibilities the newly discovered powers of science place upon his shoulders, the director of a major rocket research laboratory explains: "We do these things because of the unquenchable curiosity of Man. . . . Who, at the present time, can predict what potential benefits to man exist in this enterprise? . . . It seems to me that we are obligated to do these things as human beings."

AND SO the old order passes. Exit the munitions maker as merchant of death. Gone is that dark, demonic figure bequeathed to us by the outraged generation of 1914, that villain of our social drama who cynically perverted the achievements of the human mind that he might fatten on international tension and war. The new production is by Madison Avenue. Enter the munitions maker as flower of civilization, attended right and left by "creative" scientist and "pioneering" engineer. Striking the posture of Rodin's thinker, he speaks:

> The continuing progress of civilization and culture is the result of creativity. Science thrives on creativity. The challenge to think and the opportunity for interesting problems — these nurture the creative process. [Advertisement for a major weapons development laboratory.]

And his attendants, in chorus, as they dance solemnly about the Thor IRBM, from whose manufacturer the following copy comes:

> Beyond their immediate military necessity our present rocket and missile programs promise many vital peacetime benefits to us all.

The question arises: how valid are these dramatic and grandiose claims? Has basic research found a home in the modern weapons industry? Is this the new cradle of scientific theory?

"Scientific theory" and "basic research" are phrases that are to be used with some rigor. Theory, regardless of the utility to which it may or may not be eventually put, is the product of non-utilitarian curiosity. It is knowledge freely pursued, and pursued primarily for its own sake and not for the tightly prescribed needs of an industrial project.

Similarly, "basic research" does not take as its end the production or perfection of commodities. It is a question formulated by the unrestricted imagination and freely asked of the universe.

NOW with few exceptions, significant research in the physical sciences today is done within the university and not within the industrial plant. The strictly academic physicist knows this and that is what accounts for the artistocratic contempt in which he is prone to hold his industrial counterpart. Idle curiosity is simply something no profit-making organization can budget consistently or in any significant quantity—nor can any non-profit laboratory that has military contracts to meet. It is for this reason that the personnel brochure of one corporation sees the ideal "researcher" as one who finds his "great source of satisfaction" in seeing the "fruits of his labors appear in a commercial product."

What sort of work is assigned, then, to the "research physicist" in the weapons industry? What is it that "man's restless thirst for knowledge" produces in this new Mecca of scientific achievement?

The projects speak for themselves. One finds "theoretical physicists" in the industry at work on anti-missile defense systems, bombing and navigation systems, battleground-surveillance systems, electronic fire-control apparatus, and analog computers for guided missiles. All of these are jobs that require training and mental efficiency—but a far cry from the intellectual pioneering, properly so-called, of a Newton or an Einstein, a Heisenberg or a Bohr. As one theoretical physicist, hired by a major radiation laboratory, put it upon finding himself assigned the task of plotting the centers of gravity of bombs: "What a corporation executive and what a physicist—I mean a *real* physicist — understand basic research to be are two very different things." Clearly the frontiers of our knowledge about the physical universe lie not in the offices of Lockheed or Convair, but on the university campus, the atmosphere of which industry tries so hard to emulate.

TO BE sure, often enough there is no sharp division between the academic scientist and the industrial technician. One man may function as both. Consulting fees are attractive and a first-rate man from the schools, uninhibited by moral scruples, will frequently cross over to polish off a profitable, if pedestrian, problem or two for industry. And there are some first-raters who remain as closely connected with the weapons industry as with the uni-

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versities, receiving generous fees and all the freedom they require to carry on advanced work. But their function in industry is really to do no more than front for a particular corporation and thus lend it the prestige it needs to attract government contracts.

The ease with which men can pass from one sphere to the other should not blur the fact that the scientist in the academy and the scientist in industry are thinking on very different levels. To equate these two levels is to confuse theory with application, science with technology. It is to comfort the ego of the weapons physicist at the expense of debasing the real meaning of basic research.

NOR should the meaning of "freedom," so generously sprinkled throughout the industry's advertising, be permitted to suffer a similar debasement. What the weapons physicist experiences is often enough "freedom" within a well-defined area. Whatever imaginative elbowroom he may be allowed in his technical work, he frequently lives in cramped intellectual quarters beyond that. Security clearance is the *sine qua non* of employment in the industry. And security clearance is rationed out by security agents of policeman-like mentality, who often as not delight in keeping the eggheads in line. I have known physicists and engineers who, for fear of jeopardizing their clearances, have hesitated to subscribe to "questionable" magazines, exhibit "suspicious" books on their desks, express opinions on "controversial" subjects, or join organizations the FBI might consider off-limits. Certainly no respectable intellect thrives in such self-imposed confinement.

But if the scientific significance of the weapons industry is negligible, its technological achievements are undeniably impressive. Yet even here the glamour and glory which the industry has heaped upon its technicians is more than half phony. A great deal of the engineering work done in industry is tedious and plodding, and the morale of many technicians often runs low. The men at the top may deal with large and stimulating problems, but the piecemeal and routine tasks that get handed down the line are not always as "challenging," "spine-tingling" and "searching" as the personnel brochures play them up to be.

Moreover, when the industry seeks, in its personnel-recruiting literature, to equate scientist and technician, to associate them in "rolling back the frontiers of knowledge," it is really flattering the technician at the scientist's expense. Engineers do not discover truths, they do not create knowledge. They build or design things or work out problems on the basis of existing knowledge. This is in itself significant work. But its character should be understood.

The extent to which the weapons industry has obscured the nature of science in order to lend glamour to the work of its engineers is sometimes astounding. An advertisement for Westinghouse's atomic power division makes it very clear that "abstract thinking" is really valueless if it does not lead to "concrete results." (Valueless it may be from the corporation's point of view, if by value one means cash value.) The advertisement then defines the "creative person" as one who can "communicate his ideas into practical application." And then, becoming truly metaphysical, "The same basic phenomenon conceives an idea and carries it through to a benefiting conclusion whether the individual is composing a symphony, writing a sonnet, or designing a nuclear reactor." This is perhaps what another company calls "engineering philosophy."

To be sure, words like "creativity" can be played with. They can be squeezed and twisted until they are limp enough to suit all occasions. "Creative" is a plus word. It is something everybody in our violence-bent society wants desperately to be. Even barbers today offer us "creative haircuts."

Yet there is a limit. Surely there is at least one thing that ought never to be considered creative. And that is the designing of weapons capable of obliterating the entire race. If this is creativity, then 1984 is upon us, and its watchword is a contradiction truly Orwellesque: "Destruction is Creation."

And here is surely the greatest evil of all, an evil far worse than any confusion of terms or misuse of language involved in these Madison Avenue rhapsodies on the nobility of science and the wonders of technology. Behind a smoke screen of colorful jargon, the moral implications of dedicating one's abilities to the making of weapons become hopelessly obscured. Perspectives become blurred and the sense of responsibility dulled. Moral ends get lost among overly dramatized technical means.

TAKE FOR example the sort of recruitment literature that describes with an enthusiastic appetite for detail some latest "technological breakthrough" made by one of the missiles firms. The invention is presented as a typical project which required some "pioneering" and "imaginative" solution. In the midst of all the fascinating technicalities and high-powered language, one easily — and perhaps designedly — loses sight of the fact that this tiny device is in reality part of a weapon potent enough to devastate a city. One wonders, did the "creative" engineer who invented this ingenious device ever once consider what its ultimate function would be? Or was he so drunk on the heady wine of his own "dynamic imaginative process" that he was aware only of his own godlike intellect adventuring daringly among the stars?

In a world still largely impoverished of the simplest necessities of life, one may honestly wonder how well used is the money we lavish on moon-rockets and deep-space probes. But it is probably too much to expect a generation raised on Buck Rogers funnies and science fiction to question the human value of such projects. We can remember this however: though the rocket may very well place us upon the "stairway to space," its use as a thermonuclear ICBM — and that *is* its primary use today — places us upon the threshold of annihilation. Those who build and perfect the devices which become part of our inhuman arsenal ought never to be allowed to ignore this frightening fact. It ought to be impressed relentlessly upon them — upon every scientist and engineer,

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upon every assembly-line worker, salesman, consultant, executive and stockholder in this grim enterprise — that their fascinating "hardware," their would-be space-ships, their "technological breakthroughs" all become instruments of death. They may even believe in the cruel and confused policies that demand such weapons. But they should never be permitted to masquerade their work as an exalted search for the truth. They should never get away with prostituting to such demonic purposes the nobility of pure intellectual aspiration.

For the weapons makers do not share in that nobility at all. What the munitions industry in its public relations presents as the sacred calling of scientist and engineer is in reality service rendered to one of the shabbiest businesses under the sun: the manufacture and sale for profit of weapons of war. The only new frontiers they are exploring are frontiers of maniacal destructiveness. And all the streamlined propaganda the ad men turn out is only another contribution to the oldest sport in human history: the dodging of one's moral responsibility.

Paraguay's Gathering Storm

. . by Orlando Martinez

PARAGUAY is like the Garden of Eden: a third of the country is a natural Arcadia, a garden of perpetual spring; the people live like Adam and Eve, with few clothes and the devil always near at hand.

Here is the only country in the Americas where, from the beginning, the Indians dominated the Europeans. The *Conquistadors* never conquered the virile *Guaranís*, and today almost every Paraguayan speaks *Guaraní* as well as Spanish. Here is the only truly bilingual country in South America, and the only one in which periodicals, plays and poems are published in the language spoken when the first Europeans arrived.

But the lot of the people is an unhappy one. Few people in the Western world have suffered, and continue to suffer, as do the Paraguayans.

The country's history has swung pendulum-like between anarchy and dictatorship. For the first fifty-five years of independence, it was ruled by three men; for the last ninety-five, more than forty-five heads of state rose and fell.

In more advanced nations, a young man with political ambitions prepares himself by studying law, economics, sociology and/or history. In the more backward countries of Latin America, he learns to ride a horse, shoot a gun, to be a soldier. *It is a sad country where men of arms become the lawmakers.* Such has been the case in Paraguay, where the military academy serves as the training school for government. So has the Navy of this landlocked country: six of Paraguay's present leading officials are admirals.

Paraguay's history could be reduced, almost, to the biographies of its military officers.

In 1954 a protégé of Argentina's Juan Perón, General Alfredo Stroessner, had himself elected President. And in 1958 he was "re-elected" in a plebiscite in which he ran unopposed. However, his crown has proved to be one of thorns. Scarcely a month passes in which an uprising against him does not take place. For the last seven years, the country has been in a constant state of turmoil, with the Army besieging the civilian population. Stroessner's Army, like that of other Latin American dictators, is his Praetorian Guard; it is equipped with the latest U.S. weapons and is bolstered by a U.S. Military Advisory Group. It consumes 50 per cent of the national budget.

Yet attempted coups occur with greater frequency and mounting efficiency. It has become apparent that Stroessner's opposition has adopted a guerrilla-type campaign patterned after that with which Castro conquered Cuba. Fidelism has, indeed, become the most dynamic force in Paraguayan opposition politics. (Officially, Paraguay, along with Duvalier's Haiti, Somoza's Nicaragua, Trujillo's Dominican Republic, Guatemala and the United States, has broken relations with Castro's Cuba.)

Recently a new opposition journal, the *Tribuna Liberal*, has been passing from hand to hand, in cafés, bars and other public meeting places. Its editor, Lucio Mendonca, claims sales of up to 10,000 daily—an extraordinary figure when one considers that half of the nation's 1,600,000 people are illiterate.

WHAT DOES tomorrow hold for the Paraguayans? Will the nation enter a period of anarchy—the anarchy of revolt and bloodshed—or one of "stability" based on a dictatorship even more rigid than Stroessner's?

Paraguay is a rural country and 75 per cent of its production—industrial as well as agricultural—is controlled by foreign firms. The average per capita income is some $250 per year. One of its principal exports is attar of orange blossoms; every bottle of eau de Cologne sold over the world is scented with the perfume of Paraguay. Yet this small country must import one-quarter of its food.

Asuncion, the capital, with its low, white houses and its streets shaded by a double row of orange trees, with its sky of Italian blue and its garlands of brilliant green trees laden with golden fruit, recalls the terra cottas of Luca della Robbia. Yet the city has only recently received a central water supply, and it did not have a modern sewage system until 1959.

At nightfall the air is heavy with the scent of orange blossoms and, for the perceptive, with the portent of revolutionary changes to come. What kind of changes? Dictatorships create political vacuums; those who stand to benefit from representative democracy have been denied the training, the experience, required to practice and maintain it. One thing is certain: Paraguayans, who have known glory and despair, but never disgrace, now have before them the example of Castro.

ORLANDO MARTINEZ is a Mexican journalist.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Persistence of the Furies

THE DEATH OF TRAGEDY. By George Steiner. Alfred A. Knopf. 355 pp. $5.

Harold Clurman

MY DISSATISFACTION with this book is a token of my respect for it. There is no doubt in my mind that George Steiner is a genuine critic of great promise. *The Death of Tragedy*, his second book, is in itself a considerable achievement. It is finely written, thoroughly informed—even learned.

Its main virtue is literary. When one compares *The Death of Tragedy* with Nietzsche's *The Birth of Tragedy*, one sees that, while Nietzsche wrote as a philosopher on his way to a personal world view, the excellence of Steiner's book lies in its discussion of the various plays of which he traces the lineage and history. Nietzsche's book is memorable for a poetic insight that expresses its author's passionate embrace of life's anarchy; Steiner's is impressive for its specific evaluations of particular plays. Nietzsche is more striking in his generalizations, Steiner steadier in his literary judgments.

He begins with a traditional premise. The only authentic tragic drama was composed by the Greeks, the Elizabethans and the French neo-classics, Corneille and Racine. Tragedy is the depiction of the irremediable. "Tragedy is alien to the Judaic sense of the world." Even in the most tragic book of the Old Testament, God compensates Job for his agonies. "But where there is compensation, there is justice, not tragedy." The Hebrew God is just and rational. With the Greeks, among whom the Tragic Idea found its first and perhaps most perfect expression, "men's accounts with the gods do not balance. . . . The Greek tragic poets assert that the forces which shape or destroy our lives lie outside the governance of reason or justice."

"In the very excess of his suffering lies man's claim to dignity. He assumes a new grandeur. . . . Hence there is in the final moments of great tragedy . . . a fusion of grief and joy, a lament over the fall of man and of rejoicing in the resurrection of his spirit."

All of this is well said but already there seems to be some contradiction; for if there is joy as well as grief then tragedy is less "tragic." It is alleviated by what one might call metaphysical justification. No doubt realizing this, Steiner slips in a slight disclaimer: "None of this, I know, is a definition of tragedy." Indeed, it is a concept that has always eluded precise description; but, as in the case of beauty, one discovers many fascinating things in the effort to pin it down.

STEINER'S second main proposition is stated in the concluding paragraph of the first chapter: "From antiquity until the age of Shakespeare and Racine, such accomplishment [the writing of tragedy] seems within the reach of talent. Since then the tragic voice in drama is blurred or still. What follows is an attempt to determine why this should be so." But at the end of the book — the main body of which is devoted to a number of tentative answers — Steiner very sensibly tells us: "There are no definite solutions to the problems I have touched on" and, after having classified Brecht's *Mother Courage* as a tragedy, he assures us that "The curve of tragedy is unbroken."

The author grapples arduously with his problem, but his difficulty arises, I believe, not only from its knottiness but from the rigidity of his premise. At the outset, Steiner has committed himself to a received definition (or hypothesis) and then finds that he cannot make all the plays he admires jibe with it, and moreover that he is rather doubtful of its validity. Thus he writes about Chekhov's work, "Perhaps we should approach these elusive plays by discarding all traditions of genre." I suggest that it would be easier to write profoundly about tragedy by discarding that genre as well.

The best things in Steiner's book are the historical discussions on the role of the novel, the Wagnerian opera, the change of audience since the seventeenth century, the divorce of literature from the theatre, and more especially his disquisitions on such artists as Schiller, Byron, Hugo, de Musset, Goethe, Kleist, Büchner, Ibsen, Claudel. All through the book there are interesting literary perceptions, thoughtful aphorisms, illuminating quotations from critics, poets, dramatists. Still, the question Steiner has asked keeps gnawing at us as it must have done him.

Zeno proved logically that it is im-

The Volcano's Horses and the Moon's

(From the Italian of Salvatore Quasimodo)

Islands I lived in,
your stilled waters, green.

Charred sea-grasses, sea-fossil,
beaches where coursed, in their passion,
the volcano's horses and the moon's.

In the time of the land-slips
the leaves and the cranes assaulted the air;
there shone, in the glare of the deluge,
heaven's profundities bared to the stars.

and doves flew forth
from the naked shoulders of boys.

Here at the land's end
in blood and duress
I make ready my prison

who should lunge, for your sake,
at the feet of the gods
to sweeten my heart's depredation.

Outcast among men,
still in light's thunder I lie,
a child, open-handed,
at the river's edge and the grove's

where the grotto, in deity's hymen,
conceives the Greek orange tree.

BEN BELITT

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possible for a man ever to catch a turtle, yet there is such a thing as turtle soup! *Death of a Salesman* is no tragedy because its central figure is no hero and because if he hadn't been such a dope he might not have been so unhappy. Yet the play is moving. There is no "tragedy" today, but we are still oppressed and many works of art reflect our state. Deductions will often follow inexorably from assumptions that need or ought not be accepted in the first place.

Ibsen wrote tragedy, but the scholar with the categorical yardstick says he was not tragic because he was something of a "reformer." Strindberg couldn't have been tragic because he was an hysteric, Pirandello has no tragedy because there is a streak of farce in him, Chekhov's plays break our hearts but he called them comedies, Beckett and company do not deserve to be called tragic because they find life "absurd" — the common term for the tragic today. As the young girl in a recent Parisian comedy said about her generation, "We do not suffer any more, we are merely irritated."

IF WE go on like this we shall soon find ourselves rejecting *Oedipus* and *Phèdre* on scientific, biological, legalistic, psychoanalytic grounds of one kind or another. (Phèdre loved her stepson, but was that such a crime? Wasn't she silly to feel so badly about it?) No matter how we evade it, the tragic exists at the very roots of our being and the important dramatist is he who makes us recognize it in new circumstances — even if the play he writes is presented as (or called) a joke, a masque, an anti-drama.

Life is tragic because we no longer dwell in the Garden of Eden. We experience failure of various kinds all through life, not to mention the anticipation of death which we cannot help but regard as the great failure.

The industrialization of our society and the success of capitalism have much to do with our loss of an objective tragic sense. We are shaken out of consciousness, drained of the necessary energy: the world is too much with us. More and more we lack that repose, that capacity for withdrawal and contemplation, which lead to an awareness of tragedy in its noblest sense. The greatest tragedy of contemporary life is our lack of *connection* with ideas, with people, with tradition, with ourselves. The "other" toward which we are directed strikes most of us as a colossal mess, an impenetrable chaos. We are being progressively robbed of ourselves.

For a consciousness of tragedy there must be a god (a sense of his absence is a recognition of his place), an imperative, a norm, some fixed point inside or outside ourselves by which things may be measured and with which we feel some binding tie. The great falsehood of our day is that none of us feel any attachment to anything, that we are utterly without belief, that we acknowledge no authority, that we are all flying free in a weightless air absolutely without consistency. There is a large degree of bad faith in this. The fact is that nearly everyone feels guilt, which indicates that, despite all denials, we are in the grip of our (unexplored) conscience, a conscience rooted in very old beliefs thoroughly documented long ago. They still possess us because they still correspond to the truth of ourselves. We refuse to face this because admitting a lapse in this regard, admitting that we avoid the verdict of our inner judge, imposes responsibilities we do not have the courage to assume. We would rather confess to confusion on all sorts of "amusing" and sophisticated grounds, because such courage might lead us to action which would unquestionably become morally and socially *revolutionary*. This smacks so much of peril that the very word has fallen into bad repute.

Until we abandon some of the literary nomenclature that still weighs on Steiner's thinking in *The Death of Tragedy* we shall find ourselves constantly tempted to return to antique modes which Steiner himself points out are creatively ineffectual. Greek and classic tragedy have passed, but tragedy hasn't died. What we need in the drama, as elsewhere, is, to borrow a phrase from Beddoes, not to revive but to beget. It can still be done.

The Third Adams

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS 1807-1886. By Martin B. Duberman. Houghton Mifflin Co. 525 pp. $7.50.

Keith Hutchison

CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS, the neglected member of the dynasty, is overshadowed, not only by father and grandfather, but by his son, Henry. Yet, if neither as dynamic a statesman as John or John Quincy, nor as original and brilliant a writer as Henry, he was a great public servant and it is strange that we have had to wait almost seventy-five years after his death for a full-length biography. All that has been available is the "Life" written by his son, Charles Francis, Jr. This was presented as "a preliminary study" for a more substantial work which was never completed. Moreover, as Mr. Duberman says, this filial sketch "presents an unbalanced and unjust portrait."

The new biography, while admirable in many respects, also suffers from lack of balance. It is hardly a well-rounded portrait, for while it exhibits Adams' public life in great detail, it neglects the private man. Furthermore, the author has allotted too much space to the minutiae of Massachusetts politics, in which Charles Francis was long and unhappily immersed before he became a national figure, and too little to his activities as a diplomat.

In justice, I must modify the first of these complaints by commending Mr. Duberman's fascinating account of the relations between Charles Francis and his parents. To his mother he was devoted; his feelings toward his father combined hostility with admiration. Certainly John Quincy was a formidable parent, forever prodding his sons to greater diligence, forever complaining of their "frivolous" tendencies. They were all "coming to manhood with indolent minds," he noted in his diary on one occasion, content "with the blast of mediocrity."

One is hardly surprised to learn that his eldest son committed suicide. The second died a few years later and the whole burden of carrying on the Adams tradition fell on Charles Francis. It is something of a miracle that, while emotionally scarred by his upbringing, his inherited super-ego enabled him to become an effective man.

Mr. Duberman notes that "when Charles Francis in turn . . . had children, he too seemed incapable of real intimacy with them." Unfortunately,

KEITH HUTCHISON, a former Nation *editor, writes frequently on Anglo-American relations.*

Poetry Editor

Denise Levertov has assumed the post of Poetry Editor, following the term in that post of W. S. Merwin who has returned to Europe. Miss Levertov's poetry has appeared frequently in *The Nation*; her most recent collections of verse are *Overland to the Islands* (Jargon) and *With Eyes at the Back of Our Heads* (New Directions).

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that is almost all the book has to say on the subject. Even the chapters on the mission to England barely mention Henry, who was his father's secretary and constant companion. Nor do we learn much about Charles Francis' relations with his wife. Once he has brought his hero to the threshold of public life, the author tends to lose sight of him as a person. The result is an official photograph rather than the searching portrait the early chapters lead us to expect.

AGAINST my contention that Mr. Duberman has given proportionately too little space to Adams' career as diplomat, it might be argued that a great deal has already been written about his Civil War mission to London and his part in the Alabama arbitration. The book by Charles Francis, Jr., concentrated on this period and there is an entertaining, though often perverse, account of the English mission in *The Education of Henry Adams*. In addition, there is a considerable library of books on Anglo-American relations during the Civil War, in all of which Adams is a leading figure.

But, unlike previous writers, Mr. Duberman has had access to the microfilms of the huge collection of Adams Family Papers, made available to scholars in 1954 and now being edited for publication under the supervision of Professor Lyman H. Butterfield. It has been reported that Charles Francis' correspondence and diaries in these archives throw an entirely new light on Anglo-American diplomacy during the Civil War. Yet, in Mr. Duberman's work I have failed to find anything that changes the broad picture so well presented by Professor E. D. Adams in his *Great Britain and the American Civil War*, first published in 1925.

Mr. Duberman should be credited, however, with an illuminating account of the Anglo-French mediation scheme launched in the fall of 1862. Its leading British advocate was Lord Russell, the Foreign Secretary who, as the author shows, contrived to keep Adams in the dark about his activities while notes passed between London and Paris and the British Cabinet debated the issue. Fortunately, a majority of Russell's colleagues refused to go along and the scheme died. Had it been officially promulgated a major Anglo-American crisis would have ensued, for to the United States Government any idea of mediation was inadmissible since it implied recognition of Confederate sovereignty.

Mr. Duberman agrees with most modern historians in viewing the English mission as a diplomatic triumph for Adams, though Adams himself was inclined to minimize his part in keeping the peace and to give the credit to Secretary of State Seward. Duberman adds:

> Yet it remains true that on many occasions, some of them critical, the Minister acted either without official instructions or even contrary to them, and that it was only subsequently that Seward approved and adopted his position. For all his skill, Seward's main defects were a lack of tact and delicacy, and it was fortunate that Adams proved so well endowed with these qualities. Not only did he tone down some of Seward's demands and accusations but in his own person he presented a picture of thoughtful moderation and dignified good temper.

In diplomacy, indeed, Adams found a role on the public stage to which he was exactly fitted. He was always a misfit in politics, even if he was once almost nominated for the Presidency. He was too reserved and too sensitive for the rough and tumble of democracy, and he knew it. Like his father and grandfather, he had more than a touch of arrogance but he did not have their passion, toughness and drive. Yet, as an Adams, he was dedicated to public life and, often as he sought his ivory tower, his sense of duty drew him back to the arena.

In London the Adams manner, that repelled the man in the Boston street, served him well. He found the English cold and reserved: he could match them in these respects and he was no whit awed by aristocratic hauteur. In his notes to Lord Russell, suavity and firmness were beautifully blended. And, on occasion, he did not hesitate to remove the velvet glove, as Lord Palmerston found to his dismay on venturing an unorthodox protest against the conduct of General Butler in New Orleans.

Within the confines he allows himself, Mr. Duberman has told the stories of Adams' English mission and the Alabama arbitration very well. I could wish, though, that he had gone more deeply into the role of British public opinion, a topic that has baffled nearly all American historians. Their tendency has been to equate public opinion with the pro-Southern views of *The Times* and other leading London papers which, in fact, reflected majority opinion in the "Establishment." The mass of the middle and working classes, if sometimes puzzled by Washington, were pro-North and pro-peace-with-America. Had Adams been more of a "mixer," had he ventured more often into industrial England, his dispatches might have had a different tone which, eventually, might have been reflected in American historical writing.

Despite criticisms, I can commend this book as both scholarly and readable. Mr. Duberman's documentation is meticulous and he has provided a good bibliography, although more British works might usefully have been included. Apart from a few spasms of academic cramp, forgivable in a young historian writing his first book, the narrative flows smoothly. Clearly, the author, now an instructor at Yale, is a man to be watched.

'There Are Eyes in this Water'

THE MAXIMUS POEMS. By Charles Olson. Jargon/Corinth Books. 160 pp. $1.95.

THE DISTANCES. By Charles Olson. Grove Press. 96 pp. $1.75.

Donald Hall

"IT IS TIME we picked the fruits of the experiments of Cummings, Pound, Williams," said Charles Olson in his 1950 essay on "Projective Verse." The most astonishing fact about modernism has been its discontinuity. From 1925 until the tentative resurgence of the last decade, almost no poets have tried to pick these fruits. T. S. Eliot's admirers learned from his criticism of Donne, not from what he did himself in "Gerontion." The poetic influence of William Carlos Williams was felt in one particular: together with Marianne Moore he made available to all sorts of poets a conscience of the eye; but he was unable to impart what interested him most, a conscience of the ear. The discontinuity was so absolute that any evidence of learning from Pound and Williams looked like plagiarism. When I first saw poems by Charles Olson ten years ago I dismissed him as an imitator of Pound. These new publications have let me see that I was missing something.

Of course he does derive from Pound. Everybody derives from somebody, and some people derive more than others. Olson is not so much an innovator as a consolidator, and sometimes his derivations are mannered. The beginning of

DONALD HALL has published two volumes of poetry: Exiles and Marriages *and* Dark Houses. *A narrative of his youth,* String Too Short To Be Saved, *will appear in August* (*Viking*).

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the essay on "Projective Verse" reads as if Olson had just lifted his nose from *Guide to Kulchur*; later the essay glides perceptibly out of Pound's manner, and settles down to a series of highly expressive tautologies.

In the verse there are poor passages, but you throw out what you don't like, and are left with a great deal. Olson has a good ear, a variety of tone, an interesting mind and a sense of history. In *The Maximus Poems*, particularly, he can allow the history of the world to emerge from one locality. Gloucester, Massachusetts, expands to contain the United States; and it does this only by remaining what it precisely is. He is not a mere regionalist interested in local color. He is a historian deriving the general from the strictly particular. But he *is* colorful, and when he writes about a storm, the reader reaches for a life jacket.

The Distances is a collection of unrelated poems (some about Gloucester, some containing the character Maximus), one-third reprinted from Olson's first book, *In Cold Hell in Thicket*. It's a good introduction to Olson, though I think *The Maximus Poems* are finally stronger, because of that use of locality. "The Kingfishers" is the well-known first poem of *The Distances*: "What does not change/is the will to change." And the poem goes on to an ambitious historical generalization. The peculiarity of Olson's poems in 1961 can almost be called this subject matter. History is *the* subject of modernism: a subject which the other pickers of the fruits of Pound and Williams have avoided.

THE structure of his poems is associative; one thing leads to another. In fact, his structures are in the great tradition of the discursive ode, the form of nine-tenths of the best poetry of the last two hundred years. His poems are visually attractive, and laid out on the page so that the voice can follow the eye's movement. He arranges his lines for the eye as well as anyone, and has learned nothing from Cummings who too often moves the eye in patterns the voice cannot follow. (What Olson has picked up there is the fine sarcasm of Cummings at his infrequent best; a good bit of borrowing.)

Olson is most an innovator in an area we do not usually consider: his grammar. The accents of his *vers libre* are less repetitious than Williams', for instance, and I think that he compensates for this irregularity by constant grammatical symmetries and repetitions. Sometimes he almost sounds Hebraic. Poems need a sense of repetition, like handles to hold them by. Grammar is the handle for Charles Olson. Here is a small example (to take a big one would falsify the generality of the thing):

> It is not hell you came into,
> or came out of. It is not moly
> any of us are given. It is merely . . .

Much is going on besides grammar at any moment (the rhyme of "moly" and "merely" for instance), but grammar is a constant. Olson also uses an expressive un-grammar often enough, nudging the language toward something which seems inexpressible, and thereby expressing something about it.

One of the finest things in *The Maximus Poems* is a description of an annual ceremony of throwing wreaths and flowers in the sea for the dead. Here are a few lines from it:

> When a man's coffin is the sea
> the whole of creation shall come to
> his funeral,
>
> it turns out; the globe
> is below, all lapis
>
> and its blue surface golded
> by what happened
>
> this afternoon: there are eyes
> in this water

Second Impressions

Review of Paperbacks

Robert M. Wallace

Art

The Journal of Eugène Delacroix, translated by Walter Pach and with his excellent introduction (Evergreen, $4.95) is one of the great journals of an artist, here in a handsome, worthy format. Like his narrative paintings, Delacroix's *Journal* is bursting with energy and emotion, tumultuously creative. "My heart beats faster when I find myself in the presence of great walls to paint," he says at fifty-seven. Thirty-three years earlier, in 1822, the first entry in the journal had reflected his impatience: "In God's name, let me get on!" In 1861, two years before he died, his last New Year's entry records his hastening "to this enchanting work as to the feet of the most cherished mistress." Figures, colors and patterns, a great range of artists, intellectuals and ideas, "the things that happen in my existence, and especially in my brain" give his verbal record the vitality and magic which mark his sketches.

Delacroix's greatness as a painter

WILL THERE BE A FOURTH REICH?

Do you know that . . .

- over 40,000 German youths belong to paramilitary groups?
- there may be an underground ring—operating with the tacit co-operation of German authorities—to help ex-Nazis escape trial and arrest?
- as many as 685 anti-Semitic incidents have been *officially recorded* in one month alone?

These are the smoldering remains of Hitler's Germany that could ignite at the least provocation.

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by John Dornberg

is a meticulously researched new book that reveals the growing Nazi and neo-Nazi influences in West German government, business, education, and communications.

Mr. Dornberg, whose articles have appeared in *The Nation* and *The Reporter*, is News Editor of *Overseas Weekly*. He recently uncovered Major General Edwin A. Walker's alleged attempt to indoctrinate American troops in the principles of the John Birch Society.

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rests in considerable part on his delight in a wall to paint, an area in which to lay out a construct. He would not merely report fact. Art, he said, "is reason itself, adorned by genius." What happened in his brain was what counted to him. His forms were conventional, his subject matter was often literary and derivative, and with a few pet subjects he repeated himself. He utilized other artists, particularly Rubens, and considered himself a true classicist. Yet he was no copyist. He appropriated and emulated, and his work was original, vigorous and fresh.

Delacroix was reacting specifically against naturalistic, academic classicism. He was scornful of "studies from nature," "portraits of models." For all the labor he lavished on some of his work, he recognized that the details could be mediocre and the ensemble good. For such results the painter had to feel a passionate inspiration and retain it as he worked and discovered unsuspected patterns. When he finished, he would have no narrative sequence of impressions but a single and "simultaneous effect."

TWO corollaries accompany these observations. The first is identified by Northrop Frye in his distinction between literature as product and literature as process. (See Howard Warshaw, "Return to Naturalism," *The Nation*, April 22.) Progressively increasing insights, necessary to such artists as Delacroix, to whom in a sense each picture was a developing study, would distract a viewer if made part of the record. Despite his romanticism, he insisted on a finished work and a uniform impression, only minutely variable from person to person.

A second concerns art as illusion. Delacroix objected that real columns, rocks and the like in contemporary stage settings "through the love of illusion" suppress it completely. By its nature, he felt, all art is representation, not recreation. He returns to the point repeatedly in his drafts of entries for his projected *Dictionary of the Arts* from 1853 to 1860. Respect for the model — enslavement to it — as in David and Vanloo, repelled him. He greatly preferred Rubens' "fine exaggerations," which speak to the idea. "It is for the mind and not for the eye that we must produce our effect."

Grove Press reprints the Covici, Friede edition of 1937 without the color plates but with the voluminous index added in 1948.

Also: *The Notebook of Leonardo da Vinci*, a new selection by Pamela Taylor (Mentor, 75c), with sixteen halftones. *Leonardo da Vinci* by Kenneth Clark (Penguin, $1.45), with sixty-seven halftones.

Civil War

Prologue to Sumter (Premier, 75c) is made up of largely first-hand accounts of the year and a half from Harper's Ferry to Fort Sumter, with links by Philip Van Doren Stern. The intransigence of the slave interest and frequent ineptitude from all hands make a bleak and dreadful spectacle, which is the proper introduction to Premier's Civil War Classics (75c ea.) under Mr. Stern's general editorship. The titles are excellent, but the texts suffer from petty tampering and unspecified omissions. *Our House Divided (A History of the United States During Lincoln's Administration)* by John Bach McMaster, the only book in the group not from a participant, is social history as much as the period allows. The other titles take shape and heat from personal knowledge: *Herndon's Life of Lincoln*, with Paul M. Angle's substantial analysis; *General Lee* by Fitzhugh Lee, his nephew; *I Rode with Stonewall* by Henry Kyd Douglas, a young man of daring and insight, and *Soldier Life in the Union and Confederate Armies*, reprinting most of John D. Billings' *Hardtack and Coffee* and Carlton McCarthy's *Detailed Minutiae of Soldier Life in the Army of Northern Virginia*, with some sketches from the original edition. These men did not always understand the war, but they described it with a straightforward honesty that permits humor and at times a certain dreaminess, but no romance.

Also: *Diary of a Civil War Hero*, originally *Prison Diary of Michael Dougherty* (Pyramid, 50c), chiefly Andersonville. *America Goes to War* by Bruce Catton (Hill and Wang, $1.25), polite essays and a self-conscious piece on "The Heritage of Victory." *The Life of Abraham Lincoln* by Stefan Lorant (Mentor, 75c), two hundred pictures with anecdotes. *Myths After Lincoln* by Lloyd Lewis (Universal, $1.95), informal history and folklore surrounding the death of a hero. *Long Remember* by McKinlay Kantor (Bantam, 60c), Gettysburg in fiction.

Africa

The Three Worlds of Albert Schweitzer by Robert Payne (Midland, $1.75). A rapid, sympathetic, but not very searching narrative and study of formative influences and the career of the renowned humanitarian.

My Early Life: A Roving Commission by Winston S. Churchill (Scribner, $1.45). A vanished age in brilliant accounts of the childhood, schooling and adventures of Marlborough's younger son in India, the Sudan and South Africa.

Journey Without Maps by Graham Greene (Viking, $1.45). A vividly realized exploration of himself, the land and the natives on a trek (1936) through remote interior Liberia.

Venture to the Interior by Laurens van der Post (Viking, $1.45). Sensitive and humane exploration of the state of Africa and its people in 1949 by way of a brilliantly presented expedition to two remote plateaus of Nyasaland.

Also: *Cry, the Beloved Country* by Alan Paton (Signet, 50c). *Double Lives* by William Plomer (Noonday, $1.45). *Congo Disaster* by Colin Legum (Penguin, 85c: see review in *The Nation*, May 27).

Miscellaneous

The Human Frame by Giovanna Lawford (Anchor, 95c.) A humane, nontechnical description of the skeleton and

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The Counter-Renaissance by Hiram Haydn (Evergreen, $2.95). Ambitious intellectual history of forces opposing the Christian humanists, Petrarch to Bacon; too quick to generalize and categorize.

The Question of National Defense by Oskar Morgenstern (Vintage, $1.25). A disturbing, broad critique arguing in part for Polaris submarines, widely dispersed fallout shelters, freer research and greatly increased competence in State Department operations. Revised.

The Rich and the Poor: A Study of the Economics of Rising Expectations by Robert Theobald (Mentor, 50c). Sometimes weakly argued, but urges useful adjustments of American policy to new social and economic conditions.

One Woman's Fight by Vashti McCollum (Beacon, $1.65). The personal story behind the Supreme Court decision declaring religious instruction in public schools unconstitutional. Revised, with preface by George Axtelle, text of the Court decision and postscript by Paul Blanshard.

America Challenged by William O. Douglas (Avon, 25c). The problems growing from the pressures of conformity and new international conditions; the Walter E. Edge Lectures of 1960.

AT YOUR DRUGGIST'S: *A History of Sexual Customs* by Richard Lewisohn (Premier, 50c). *The Physiology of Sex* by Kenneth Walker (Penguin, 95c). *A New Treasury of Folk Songs*, Tom Glazer, editor (Bantam, 60c). *Borstal Boy* by Brendan Behan (Avon, 75c). *Deliver Us from Evil, The Edge of Tomorrow* and *The Night They Burned the Mountain* by Doctor Thomas A. Dooley (3 vols., illus., Signet, 50c ea.).

FILMS

Robert Hatch

I APOLOGIZE for writing once again on European pictures that treat of World War II. The fact is, however, that the most promising current movies are on that theme—I assume that there is no demand for a close appreciation of *Return to Peyton Place.*

SCENE by scene, and character by character, De Sica's *Two Women* is a work of art. Incidents are composed with a sharpness, clarity and economy that are almost sensuously gratifying, and the performers — under Italy's great actor-director — are vivid and beautifully in command of their roles. It is a real pleasure to be present at the unfolding of such excellent narrative. Then at the end the work is brutally truncated from the text of Moravia's novel and the effect is as though a hand had wiped the slate clean of a long and elegant equation that disappointingly reached no conclusion.

The two women of the title are a widowed shopkeeper (Sophia Loren) and her adolescent daughter (Eleanora Brown). The mother is a woman who understands and is proud of her ability to attract and to enjoy men. But recognizing the power of sex in herself, she is the more determined to preserve the innocence of her daughter through the few remaining years of childhood.

As the war approaches Rome, these two leave the city for refuge in the mother's native village. There the people are largely untouched by the war. They are conventionally patriotic and impatient for the nuisance, and remote menace, of the struggle to be settled one way or the other. All, that is, except the student son of the town's richest man; he is passionately anti-Fascist and soon as passionately infatuated with the Roman widow. The boy (Jean-Paul Belmondo) makes his play, and might well have been rewarded, except for the woman's fierce concern for her daughter's sensibilities and except for her memories of the much more experienced embraces she has recently given herself to in Rome. The daughter, meanwhile, comes to worship the bespectacled revolutionary and romantic from a demure distance. These scenes are lovely comment on the human comedy, a kind of earthy minuet.

Eventually the American armor moves through the valley. Rome has been liberated; it seems possible to go back to the city, and the mother is eager, for her shop has been broken into and the memory of love becomes insistent. But one evening on the journey, while they are resting in a ruined church, mother and daughter are discovered and horribly raped by a company of Moroccan troops.

And it is from that point that insensitive editing crumples an admirable story. The mother is heartbroken by the violation of her daughter's budding womanhood, terrified by the child's entranced withdrawal from her, horrified by the discovery that the girl's reaction is to behave with wanton familiarity toward the first young man who comes her way.

The girl gets a pair of silk stockings

Travel Talk

Eight more to go. Will the wind blow
away those conveyances and I sleep
in my own bed?
Summer of victories
a fear of flying,
landscape my pear
I ate you.
Forgetting my waist
all that bread was good.
Even in the starlight
not being able to speak and running
down avenues
with plumes, white plumes attached to
my head.
A few tears were nothing
more than a few stones.
I'll probably ache
in my burrow for their wet
like islands
no longer visible
to an old sailor.

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from this youth, paying presumably in the customary coin, and meets her mother's anger with blank rebellion. But then the mother tells her roughly (the news had come in the night) that the young scholar has been killed by the retreating Germans. The child bursts into tears, falls into her mother's arms, and that is apparently that. It is not any of it credible, and it brings the meticulously constructed story to a frayed and pointless conclusion. The tragic history of these two admirable women is not given time and space to work itself out, so that at the end they lose their individuality and rich, willful humanity, and become puppets dancing to a production stop watch. But for 90 per cent of its course *Two Woman* is a fine picture.

THE Polish-made *Kanal* is a story of the last days of the Warsaw uprising in 1944. There is a good deal of talk about hope for "relief," but no mention of the fact that Warsaw rose, and was annihilated, in the expectation that the Russian Army, camped just across the Vistula, would momentarily liberate the city.

The film centers on a guerrilla company which, forced from its last strong point, takes to the sewers in an attempt to rejoin the center of resistance. Except for the extravagances of some of the Japanese costume movies, I cannot remember a recent picture that has gone in so heavily for picturesque attitudes, facial gymnastics and fumes. Dante's name is mentioned quite early in the work, and on the instant of dropping through the manhole, the actors are seized with the notion of composing *tableaux vivants* suitable for a pageant version of *The Inferno*. They go mad with what can only be described as alacrity, and I expected a swan boat crowded with musicians to emerge at any moment from the reek.

It may seem bad taste to speak frivolously of a moment in history as horrible as the murder of Warsaw, but the kind of bad acting that substitutes melodramatic stereotypes for genuine responses will reduce the most apocalyptic of human experiences to burlesque. In this case the air of lunacy is accented by the narrative method. The band of fighters becomes broken up moments after the descent into the sewers and thereafter the film shifts back and forth from one group to another as they struggle dolefully through what is clearly one small section of brick catacomb. The effect is not at all unlike Eliza fleeing the bloodhounds on a treadmill. The heroic dead of Warsaw deserve a better monument.

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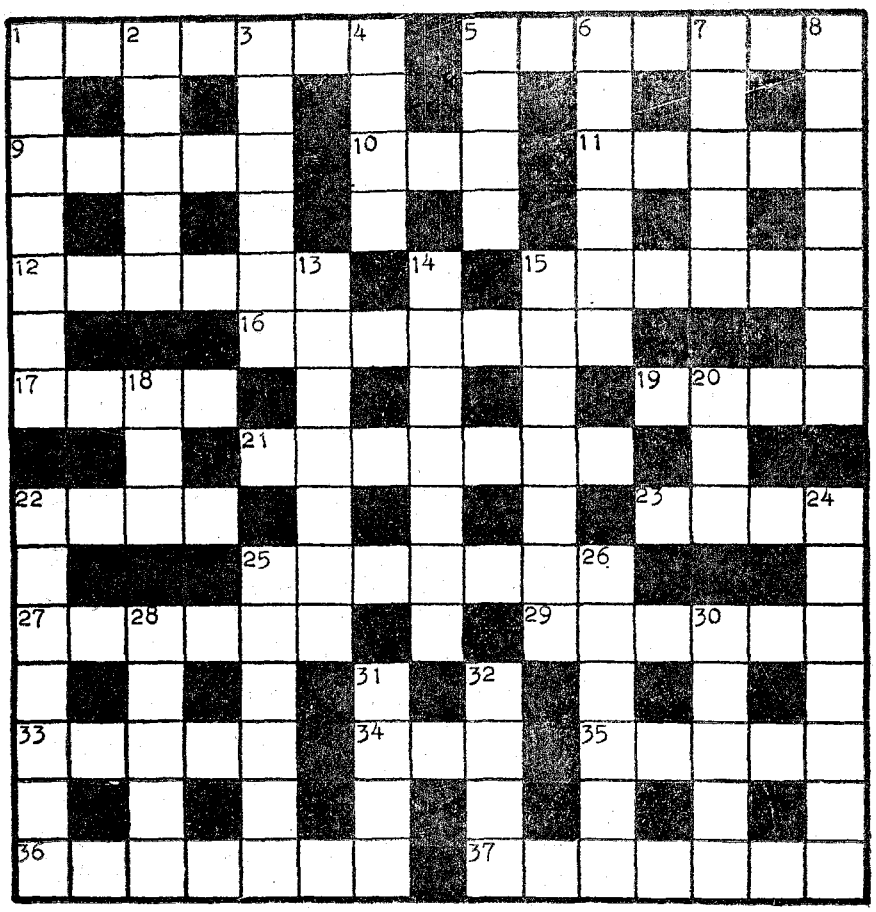
Crossword Puzzle No. 918

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1, 19 and 27 A bunch of decrepit coal-diggers, all broken up by 5 and 9? (4, 3, 4, 2, 4)
5 and 9 A couple of ringers shouldn't be expected to work without a hitch. (7, 5)
11 and 32 Useful if you're just putting up with your wife? (5, 4)
12 and 5 Is one big, bad, and unhappy? (It's not really alarming.) (6, 4)
15 Spot a clever remark, and you could get let our finally. (6)
16 Is the make-up of the rig very loud on the dog? (7)
17 If the blame is placed here, we can't escape it. (4)
21 and 3 down Air flies, by implication. (2, 5, 2, 4)
22 and 10 Sounds as though it should be responsible for smooth talk, and painters know it. (4, 3)
25 Deep-set, in a way, as 29 might be in the pot. (7)
33 Begin existence, possibly. (5)
34 Almost a beast of an island. (3)
35 Sufficient for a sort of national 23.
36 Tried to write like Bacon? (7)
37 Many have referred to their music. (It shouldn't be for squares!) (7)

DOWN:

1 and 29 ..... a stain on the teeth? (7, 6)
2 The way to prove the wall-eyed shouldn't get married? (5)
4 and 23 What trees do in the fall to provide for the table? (8)
6 Mother and child, or the fruit of their contribution? (6)
7 Matched? Gusseted, rather. (5)
8 Begins finally to have the head of England find root. (7)
13 Tearing to pieces the hard way? (7)
14 Are Price Administration and Civilian Defense, for example, part of the service? (7)
15 The indefinable strain to make a thousand take longer, in a way. (7)
18 Burns, but not first degree for some. (Possibly associated with ashes.)
20 Proving 35 is not a politician at heart. (3)
22 What's the matter with Lou and Bert? (7)
24 Shuts up the speedy type? (7)
25 What might shoot up in tricky surroundings, in fitting manner? (6)
26 The cad should be cut off! (6)
28 Pits or pipes. (5)
30 Part of the biblical generation? (5)
31 1 down might be in the wood. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 917

ACROSS: 10 Right; 11 Dogmatism; 12 Primroses; 13 Tiger; 14 Breadbaskets; 19 Standard time; 22 Awash; 24 Convolute; 25 Diametric; 26 Eager; 27 Dissimilitude. DOWN: 2 Noggin; 3 Interbred; 4 In despair; 5 Urges; 6 Least; 7 Shingles; 8 Traps; 9 Impress; 15 Botanical; 16 Somnolent; 17 Islands; 18 Maharani; 20 and 1 across Rugged individualism; 21 Peers; 23 Heels; 24 Carom.

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